N°. VI. SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1803.

VIEW OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

ONE of the most important publications that has appeared for some time, is the second edition of the translation of Herodotus, by the celebrated Greek scholar *Larcher*. It consists of nine volumes, which are two more than the former edition. The translator has added the life of Homer attributed to Herodotus; with extracts from the history of Persia and India, by Ctesias, and the treatise on the subject of the Greek Historian, by Plutarch. This work is a fountain of science, and a mine of instruction.

The learned Frenchman mentions, in a respectful manner, the work which Major Reynell published about three years since, on the Geographical System of Herodotus, compared with those of other ancient authors, as well as with modern geography. M. Larcher also considers our Egyptian traveller, Mr. Browne, as an exact observer, and judicious writer. He acknowledges, indeed, the greatest obligations to the enlightened voyagers of

Great-Britain, and their learned works. Mr. Bruce, however, is not only refused a portion of his general praise, but is the object of his censure.

We feel it a duty which we owe to our readers, to communicate to them a very curious anecdote relative to this edition of Herodotus, as it demonstrates a peculiar feature of the French government.

The spies whom the First Consul maintains among the printers, having informed him that there was a note at the end of the seventh volume, whose purport might be interpreted as offensive to the constitution of the existing government; the whole edition was seized at the printing-house, and its publication prohibited under the severest penalties, if the offensive note was not suppressed, or, at least, reformed. M. Larcher expected indeed, that some regard would be shewn to his literary character, as well as to his great age, having now attained his seventy-third year, and that this prohibition would at length be relaxed; but, after a resistance of several months, he found himself obliged to submit, and the edition has at length appeared with *the note cancelled.* We have been informed that a copy of this work, with the original note, is in the library of Mark Davis, Esq. of Dorsetshire. But be that as it may, we presume

that an authentic fragment of this note will afford some degree of satisfaction to our readers.

It relates to the chronology of the kings of Lacedemon. "Eurydamidas, the infant son "of the unfortunate Agis, who had been con- "demned to death by the Ephori, succeeded "his father. The tyrant Cleomenes, whom "we have just mentioned, caused him to be "poisoned; and, after this act of atrocity, he "elevated his brother Euriclidas, whose in- "capacity he well knew, to the vacant throne. "The two brothers had before dissolved the "Senate, and substituted in the place of that "respectable body, a set of men devoted to "their wills, &c.

"Thus have we seen Agesipolis, Eurida- "mus, Euryclidas, Lycurgus, Machanidas, "and Nabis, rapidly succeed each other. "The Lacedemonians afterwards passed under "the dominion of the Achæans; and at "length submitted to the Romans when that "people had subjugated Greece.

"What were the causes of this terrible "revolution?—Luxury, corruption of man- "ners, and contempt of the laws. Luxury "crept into the state on the taking of Athens, "and penetrated, by slow degrees, into every "class of society. Ancient simplicity, and "ancient frugality, were held in contempt.

" The manners became corrupt, vice held up
" its head and triumphed; and the laws were
" despised. Thence arose dissentions, trou-
" bles, and crimes of every kind, the sad pre-
" cursors of public destruction. Such things,
" however, have been seen in all times, and
" in every country. *But that which had*
" *been never seen in any time or in any*
" *country, was the spectacle of a king tried,*
" *condemned, and executed, by his subjects.*
" The Lacedemonians gave this terrib e ex-
" ample to the universe. Agis, their king,
" maintained an irreproachable conduct, and
" was as anxious to revive the ancient laws;
" but his subjects were not worthy of such
" a prince. His virtues were an unceasing
" reproach to their vices, and this silent cen-
" cure was so irritating to them, that they
" determined, if possible, to get rid of it, by
" putting him to death. This horrid crime,
" at which humanity revolts, precipitated the
" vengeance of heaven; and the successive
" reigns of these cruel tyrants, formed one
" progressive scene of extortion, public rob-
" beries, criminal informations, murders, pro-
" scriptions, &c. till at length, this state,
" which had been so flourishing, while its
" citizens were virtuous, passed, as we have
" seen, under a foreign dominion."

By the last papers from France, we are

informed, that the National Institute has experienced a revolution. The class of morality and politics has been totally suppressed, which excludes, for the moment, among other great men of the day, the citizens Merlin, La Reveillere, Mercier, Volney, Garat, Gregoire, Guinquene, Lakanal, Ræderer, &c. The ridiculous section of declamation, consisting entirely of musicians and comedians, has suffered a similar annihilation. The new organization of this learned society, gives it a distribution, precisely resembling that of the four academies, which existed under the monarchy; viz. the French academy, consisting of forty members; the academy of Sciences; the academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres; and the academy of Painting. We are impatient to know in what manner the Consul will arrange the new French academy. He is already bound up by his own decree, to comprehend in it the grammarians and literary characters of the Institute: but as the number does not exceed twelve, it will be curious to see the means he will employ to complete it. This learned society contained, formerly, some of the highest nobility, and as the present time is a continual parody of the past, powerful patrons will be naturally raised in the new court, to serve as colleagues to the academicians. We may foretel, without the

least apprehension of being mistaken, that M. Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte, their uncle Fesch, the Archbishop of Lions, Cambaceres, and Le Brun, will be at the head of the honorable list. The ancient members of this academy, which was formerly so respected throughout Europe, are now reduced to a very small number. *Stat nominis umbra.* They are the Cardinals de Rohan and Maury, Brisgelin, Archbishop of Malines; Count Choiseul; Daguesseau; the advocate Target; the Abbé Morellet; the poet Denis; La Harpe; the historian Gaillard; the Abbé Delille; Suard; St. Lambert; and, perhaps, one or two more, of whose fate we are ignorant.

Those who, under the old system, had pretentions to become a part of this illustrious body, were M. M. Palissot, the poet Le Brun, Fontanes, Collin d'Harleville, Lacretelle, Segur, Desmeuniers, Talleyrand Perigord, Legouve, Garat, Francois de Neufchateau, Anquetil, and many other writers.

Letter III.

Sir,

I now proceed, in pursuance of my promise, to give you some account of the various adventures which have befallen me:—

The first three thousand years of my life,

the happy period of careless infancy, were spent in uninterrupted tranquillity; but, when the fire of youth began to kindle in my bosom, my solitude, and the profound ignorance in which I lived, grew irksome to me, and I conceived a desire to extend my inquiries beyond the planet of which I was the only rational inhabitant. But unconscious of my own loco-motive faculties, I considered the accomplishment of such a wish as impracticable; till one day, as I was meditating under the shadow of my bush, I was suddenly startled by a sound, to which I had as yet heard nothing similar.—It ceased: but presently it was repeated, and the convulsive agitation which seized me, convinced me that I was under the influence of some power hitherto unknown. Again the sound was suspended; but infinite was my terror, when, with increased shrillness, I heard it renewed for the third time. I had, however, little time for reflection; for I found myself almost instantly snatched from the Moon, and hurried through the air with a velocity, which, in a great measure, deprived me of my senses.

As I approached the terrestrial globe, whither I found myself irresistibly impelled, I perceived myself to be involved in the thickest darkness, a circumstance from which I derived new horror; for I was not yet

aware, that, while it was day in my own planet, it could be midnight in any other. When I reached the ground, however, a large fire which blazed before me, afforded me sufficient light to discern objects, which excited in me the utmost astonishment. I have since regretted, that I neglected that opportunity of examining two dragons which stood near me, not having, in my subsequent voyages, met with any of a similar species. Being ignorant at that time that they were the most extraordinary animals in the company, my whole attention was centered in a female personage, in long robes, and with dishevelled hair, who stood before an altar, and from whose mouth, I perceived, had proceeded the voice which had drawn me thither. Her face so far resembled my own, as almost to induce me to suppose she might belong to a race of beings which had some affinity to myself; but she had no horns, and her body, with its arms and legs, was an object perfectly new to me, and, at the first sight, appeared to me monstrous and deformed. However, I comprehended the use of her legs, when I saw her walk with a solemn pace three times round the altar.

I have since learned that this gentlewoman, my first sublunary acquaintance, was no less a personage than the sorceress Medea, to

whom my presence, though for what reason I did not discover, was necessary in some of her incantations. She made me a very long speech; but not having yet learned Greek, I did not understand a word of it; and, as soon as it was ended, the same invisible power which had brought me thither, restored me to my native planet.

I leave you to judge, how entirely such an adventure must have engrossed my thoughts, and to what infinite speculation it must have given birth in my imagination. But, as all the conjectures formed on such a subject, by a person so ignorant as myself, were of necessity extremely wide of the truth, I will not, by detailing them, waste either the time or the ink which may be better employed.

It was not very long before, on a similar occasion, I had another summons from the same lady; and during the remainder of her life, my visits to the earth were very frequent. I soon ceased to feel any terror at her voice, or at the extraordinary sensation which it produced in me; for I found she was far from intending me any harm; and every thing which I saw in my various journeys excited in my mind so lively a curiosity, that it was a great mortification to me to be always remanded to the Moon, before I had time to look sufficiently about me.

At length Medea died; and, as many years elapsed before any other enchanter of equal power arose, I felt myself reduced to an absolute despair of ever revisiting the scene, to me so replete with wonders. I now no longer devoted my nights to repose, but lay, while the earth shone brightly on my native plains, gazing on the luminous orb with fruitless wishes, and vainly revolving in my mind the wildest projects for accomplishing another journey thither.

At length, one memorable night, it was my fortune to observe a ray streaming towards your globe, from the summit of a mountain, not far distant from the spot where I lay. I immediately erected myself on my edge, and rolled thither, when I perceived that this phœnomenon was occasioned by a shower of influences, which the Moon was at that time shedding on her sister planet. Suddenly, a happy thought occurred to me: I rushed amid the stream, and, enveloped in "a vaporous drop profound," safely descended on the earth.

I must now break off; for I am just told, that this is to be a moon-shiny night, and I must get my lanthorn and dog, and set out. So, without farther ceremony, I remain,

Your assured friend,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Honoured Sir,

I am *Femme de Chambre* to a lady of quality, who makes a very distinguished figure in the fashionable world, who goes every where, sees every body, and does every thing; and as, from my confidential situation, I know where she goes, whom she sees, and whatever she does, I may, without vanity, present myself to your notice, as a person tolerably well qualified to give a correct diary of a lady of distinction; which I shall be glad to communicate to you, with all the stylish intelligence connected with it, if you will come into the terms which I shall propose.

The fact is, Sir, that an acquaintance of mine, who is Lady E—— B——'s woman, is very handsomely paid, for conveying all the transactions of her lady's family, to a morning newspaper, for which she actually received, during the last season, ten one pound notes; a handsome great-coat; a very smart bonnet, with lilac ribbons; six pair of long gloves; and a curious tippet, of the softest fur I ever felt, which the gentleman who brought it, declared was made of an American rabbit-skin, brought from the *East Indies*.—And as for orders to the Theatres, Astley's, the Royal Circus, Sadler's Wells,

the Phantasmagoria, and all other places of public amusement and exhibition, she has had them in such plenty as to light the candles with them—nay, the *newspaper gentleman* once took her to a fashionable masquerade, and danced with her, and where she was taken for a *duchess*.

Now, Sir, as Lady E—— B—— does not do half the things, or see half the people, that my lady does, nor has a quarter of her whims and freaks, I hope you will not think me unreasonable, if I expect double the advantages which are enjoyed by my friend.

I therefore propose to receive twenty one-pound notes; two handsome great-coats; two smart straw bonnets, with lilac, or, as that colour is no longer the fashion, with coqlicot ribbons; a dozen pair of long gloves; and a tippet made of two American rabbit-skins, and brought from both the East Indies.—I shall likewise require orders for all places of public amusement in such plenty, that I may not only have enough to light candles, but to serve any other necessary purpose. At the same time, I shall expect to go to two fashionable masquerades, with *two newspaper gentlemen*, and be taken for *two duchesses*.

As a specimen of my abilities, and means of information, I add the history of one day last week:

My lady rung her bell about twelve, when I carried up the breakfast things, with a letter by the post from my lord, which I read to her ladyship. (N. B. I always read my lord's letters to her.) It informed her, as the frost threatened to last, there could be no hunting, and she, therefore, might expect his lordship in town immediately, where he should remain while there was any skaiting on the Serpentine river. My lady instantly ordered me to give her fifteen drops of laudanum, and leave the room.

She rung again at two, when I carried her a letter that came by the twopenny-post, which she read *herself:* when she took her breakfast, gave orders to be at home to no one but Sir W. B——, and bid me prepare her toilette. She was uncommonly whimsical and capricious—I have often dressed her for court in half the time—not a single article of her morning wardrobe satisfied her.—The porter let in Lady B——, and orders were immediately given to be denied to Sir W. When the visit was finished, my lady sent for the porter into the library, when he excused himself, by saying, that as orders were given to admit Sir W. B——, he thought that admittance was not to refused to his lady.

The porter was ordered to be immediately

discharged, for ignorance of his duty, and thinking for himself.

At half past three, she went in the coach to Hyde Park.—She was dressed in a kerseymere pelice, with a bear-skin muff, black velvet bonnet, and patent net veil: returned in about an hour, in very high spirits: and as she dined alone, ordered the dumb-waiter, that I might not be disturbed by the servants, in reading to her while she was at table. Lady Mary and Lady Charlotte came as usual to the desert, but were instantly dismissed with a kiss a piece, and two oranges. The novel I read was called *Delphine*, and my Lady gave me a glass of sweet wine, and bid me read faster; but she soon after snatched the book from me, as I did not read fast enough, and bid me come again in an hour: and this command was successively repeated till it ſtruck nine, when she went up stairs to dress for supper at the Duchess of ———

My lady ordered the coach at ten; but as it was a very cold night, and I knew the poor horses must wait, I did not order it till eleven.

Her ladyship's dress was quite new, and in the last style of elegance—it was of pink crape, embroidered with gold plate; the drapery finished in a point on the left side, and fastened to the dress with gold cord and tas-

sels; the sleeves were very full, and the same as the dress; the front low, with a lace tucker drawn full, round the bosom; the petticoat was of white satin, embroidered round the bottom with gold; a small turban of white crape, trimmed round the front with gold, and a white ostrich feather placed behind, so as to fall on the left side.

Her ladyship was not ready till past eleven, when she went away in such a hurry, that she left her keys behind her, when I took the opportunity of opening a certain little cabinet, and amused myself for an hour, in reading some very curious and entertaining letters.

Now my lady may threaten to turn me away whenever she pleases—but I'll not go unless I please.

She returned about three, very much fatigued; she gave me, however, an account of the company, which I, of course, could repeat, if it were necessary.

As I was undressing her, I observed that the white satin petticoat was a little rumpled.

I read the novel for about five minutes after she was in bed; when perceiving she was fast asleep, I retired to my own chamber to follow her example.

You will now, Sir, be able to judge of the extent and value of my services, which will be at your command, on the terms I have communicated.

I shall expect to know your pleasure, by a line addressed to me at Mrs. Bobbin's, Haberdasher, Mount-street, and am with great respect, your most obedient servant,

MARIA MIRROR.

ADVICE TO YOUNG UNMARRIED LADIES.

If you have blue eyes, you need not languish.

If black eyes, you need not leer.

If you have pretty feet, there is no necessity to wear short petticoats.

If you are doubtful as to that point there can be no harm in letting them be long.

If you have good teeth do not laugh.

If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than the occcasion may justify.

If you have pretty hands and arms, there can be no objection to your playing on the lute, if you play well.

If they are disposed to be clumsey, work tapestry.

If you have a bad voice rather speak in a low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world, never speak in a high one.

If you dance well, dance but seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at at all.

If you sing well, make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a mo-

ment when you are asked; for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

If you discover a person to be telling an absolute falsehood, unless it is particularly injurious, let it pass in silence; for it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him or her a liar.

Never touch the sore place in any one's character; for be assured, whoever you are, that you have a sore place in your own; and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly then to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear at least to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however aukwardly it may be executed.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill-humours on

your dog, your cat, or your femme de chambre, than on your friends.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

A FRIEND TO WOMEN.

TO A NOBLEMAN,

Who boasted of the facility with which he wrote Poetry.

You write with ease, to shew your breeding—
But easy writing's damn'd hard reading!

ON A LADY WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

Come hither, Sir John; my picture is here.
What think you, my love—don't it strike you?
I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you!

SONG.

Maria, say, to what dear youth
Shall those fond vows be given,
That, fraught with faithfulness and truth,
May make this earth his heaven?

Well weigh'd and timely understood,
Let all his merits be;
For if he's less than all that's good,
He cannot merit thee.

Z.

SONNET,

To ——, with a Profile in Paper.

When Nature shudders 'neath the wintry sky,
And ev'ry garden's rude, and hilloc bare,
Art strives the vernal glories to supply,
And gives th' unreal flow'rets to the fair.
With these my Chloe decks her flowing hair,
And adds new whiteness to her snowy breast;
These, for a while may claim my Chloe's care,
Till spring returns, in blooming beauty drest.
Thus, gentle lady, I presume to give
Th' unreal features of a real friend:
Amid the storms of fortune doom'd to live,
To Hymen's joys he looks not to ascend:
But since, depriv'd of Fortune's gen'rous aid,
He cannot give himself, he gives his shade. C.

GRACE.

TO LADY H. H——. 1802.

Say, whence proceeds that magic pow'r
Which beauty's fairest rose adorns;
And, whilst it decorates the flow'r,
Exterminates or blunts the thorns?

In ev'ry step its charms we trace,
In ev'ry casual gesture view;
'Tis ease, 'tis elegance, or grace—
'Tis something more than all, in you.

Then say, from whence does it arise—
Is it from nature or from art?
I read the answer in your eyes,
And find its source is in your heart.

There its first seeds, by nature sown,
Produc'd affections mild and even;
Which angels might be proud to own,
And saints rejoice to find in heaven.

From these it sprung, with these it grew,
Matur'd by sense, by taste refin'd;
Till judgment call'd it forth to shew
Th' embodied image of your mind.

That mind still, with parental care,
Guards it from all insidious foes;
From ev'ry vain fantastic air,
That from caprice or fashion flows.

For whatsoever be the form
In which it fascinates the eye,
If Folly grin, or Passion storm,
Away its sweet delusions fly.

Away they fly too, if th' austere
Severity of wisdom frown;
Tho' ever loveliest they appear,
Temper'd by wisdom like your own.

Not all that Zeuxis' pencil stole,
And in one matchless form combin'd,
Can touch the feelings of the soul,
Unless the form display the mind.

Tho' ev'ry limb and feature rise
In symmetry divinely true,
Without th' expression of the skies,
'Tis still no Goddess that we view.

POUR DIRE ADIEU,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. T——— H———,

On seeing a farewel Card, left by her at a Friend's.

When Delia calls *pour dire adieu.*
What eye but drops the tear of sorrow!
What heart that half her merits knew,
But heaves a sigh, and dreads to-morrow.

To-morrow! sure no darker day
Can frown upon the front of Time:
To-morrow wafts each joy away
With Delia to a distant clime.

O Delia! 'tis a pain to part,
Or bid a common friend adieu;
But what a pang must rend the heart
That takes a long farewel of you!

Of you, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
To whom each gentler virtue 's given;
Whose temper far transcends a face
That symbols all we hope of heaven!

Whose beauty baffles all defence,
Whose merit can the mind controul,
Who strike your victim thro' the sense,
And chain him by the conquer'd soul.

Be hush'd, ye winds! ye seas, subside!
Let no rude blast nor billow roar:
Her course, good Angels, hov'ring guide,
And guard her to the destin'd shore.

May friendship fondly greet her there;
Love, peace, and joy, compose her train.
May health still bless the blooming fair,
And Time restore her soon again.

Then say, from whence does it arise—
Is it from nature or from art?
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And guard her to the destin'd shore.

May friendship fondly greet her there;
Love, peace, and joy, compose her train.
May health still bless the blooming fair,
And Time restore her soon again.

May he to whom her heart is giv'n
Still prize the treasure more than life;
Still bow in gratitude to heav'n,
And own the Angel in the wife.

Yet think, lov'd Delia, while you stray
Where brighter suns gild Nature's dome,
'Tis sunless here while you're away,
'Tis night in all our hearts at home.

And should conjecture e'er suggest
One thought of him who thinks of you,
Believe his heart is here express'd,
And take these lines, *pour dire adieu!*

BION.

THE STROKE OF DEATH.

On the wings of the whirlwind it came,
As securely I gaz'd on her form!
And e'er thought could give trouble a name,
She was wreck'd in the merciless storm!

Mute, motionless, sunk in despair,
When I saw death the billow bestride—
To Heaven I proffer'd my pray'r;
But it humbled my hopes and my pride.

On the scene of distress as I hung,
Still faint hope shed a glimmering ray;
But th' illusion was quickly undone,
And I saw life fade gently away.

On her cheek was the languor of death,
In her eyes was the mildness of heaven;
And mortality yielding its breath,
In that look spoke each foible forgiven.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Founded on a true Story.

Why mourn ye, why strew ye these flow'rets around,
To yon new-sodded grave as your slow steps advance?
In yon new-sodded grave (ever dear be the ground!)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew—in his straw-cover'd shed
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, who were poorer than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last;
But he still had a pray'r for his country and king.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
How oft shall we wander, by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One rose from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile from France.

W. S.

VERSES SENT TO MISS ———

WITH THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Soon the tear shall be dry, soon the flow'r shall be sere,
Which mourners on earth to these ashes have giv'n,
But heav'n from thy lips the sad story will hear,
For music like thine is the language of heav'n.

O then shall this turf bed, with flow'rs ever crown'd,
And with tears ever dew'd, time's inclemency brave,
For hands more than mortal shall garden the ground,
And angels shall weep o'er the Emigrant's Grave!

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Many editors of newspapers have endeavoured to convince their readers of the excellence of their articles, by the extensiveness of their circulation; but this kind of argument very few will allow to be conclusive. You have, I observe, taken another method, and put in your claim to merit, by pointing out the absurdity of a few harmless jokes, that were never meant by their author to tell for any thing. This, Sir, I must inform you, is very uneditor-like conduct, and certainly deserves

a reply it is not my intention at present to make. The mode of proceeding I have chosen to adopt, is to lay my case before you; to state how far I am concerned in your attacks, and to deprecate the continuance of your severity by appealing to your indulgence.

It is necessary then for me to tell you, that most of the *smart things* you see in the daily papers, are furnished by me, at a certain sum per dozen. They are, Sir, my only means of subsistence, and that I do not live very luxuriously on the profitt of my labours, the following short statement will testify. I can make, upon an average, (with close application) about nine *puns* or *witticisms* in an hour; but this is harder work than perhaps you imagine.—Nature, Sir, is soon exhausted, and I find it impossible to work more than four hours per diem.—This produces exactly three dozen *good things* in one day, for which none of the editors ever yet paid me more than eight-pence per dozen. You see, therefore, I cannot earn more than fourteen shillings per week, even including Sunday, which ought to be considered as a day of rest. I have now and then some articles of a better sort, but from the trouble I am at in producing them, it is necessary I should be paid extra, and consequently I meet with very little encouragement.

I shall now give you a list of the principal newspapers that employ me, with the *aliases* they have by common sufferance and consent affixed to their original titles; and after mentioning a few other circumstances, you will, I have no doubt, be kind enough to suffer my production, in future, to pass unnoticed.

I once did a great deal for the *Oracle;* in fact, that paper would scarcely have ever been noticed but for me. Lately, however, I have been supplanted in the editor's affections by a tall man of letters, but my friends assure me his abilities are by no means equal to mine. This paper, from my first connection with it, to the preeent time, has always had the alias of the *stupid paper.*

The Morning Post, alias *the Chambermaid's Gazette,* is my best customer: but I have already begun to feel the ill effects of your observations; for last week, the man at the office, who generally pays me, told me that his master in future intended to look over my articles before they went to the press, and should only insert those he approved of; a thing he never did before. He desired me also to bring a good many more than I had used to do, that he might have plenty to chuse from. This is very hard upon me, considering the quantity it is probable I may have returned upon my hands. I should not have much minded

it formerly, as *the Porcupine* would have taken them at a reduced price to send to its correspondents in America. Ah, Mr. Editor, between you and me, the world suffered a severe loss when that paper was knocked on the head. I met the late proprietor the other day, and he told me he did business for another paper, and was better off now than ever —mentioned two great men that had plenty of money, and promised to support him through thick and thin. Really he made me quite unhappy to see how fat and plump he was grown. I think (next to myself) he has the happiest nack of writing for the public in our line—such fire and spirit! He said he thought he should have some work for me soon—but I beg pardon for this digression.

The British Press, alias *the Booksellers' Paper*, promises to be a famous customer to me. The proprietors have engaged me for this quarter; and as I found they were not very particular, I have put off part of a stock, which had been lying by me for some time, quite useless. I am in hopes, too, of getting the remainder cleared before my contract is finished; except, perhaps, a very small part, which I can always find a market for in the country, or some of the evening or three-times-a-week papers.

The Morning Advertiser, alias *the Publicans' Paper*, has very frequently some of my cheapest things; but this is excusable, for it cannot afford to pay more. In order "to cut my coat according to my cloth," I assure you, Sir, I am so particular, that I make a point of composing my *good things* for this paper, over a pot of porter and a pipe.

The Times, alias *the Ministerial Paper*, and *The True Briton*, alias *the Treasury Journal*, alias *the Demi-official Paper*, are very troublesome to me, though they take a great deal in the course of the year. Really, Sir, they haggle as much with me, about what they shall give me for a *pun*, as I do with my butcher about the price of a breast of mutton.

The Morning Herald, alias *the Milk and Water Paper*, is another of my customers; but the editor pays me most vilely; however, I am obliged to submit. I must now, Sir, tell you that I have discovered a most formidable rival, whose *bon-mots* are greedily laid hold of by all the newspapers, and who professes to have a violent antipathy even to the name of Pic Nic; though nobody knows why. His talents, undoubtedly, entitle him to all the attention shewn to him by the newspapers, but I cannot conceive why he should interfere with what more naturally belongs to me. I am well acquainted with his family

and friends, who are very respectable people, and I know that they do not approve of his behaviour in this respect: they say he will certainly hurt his character by it. He is, I believe, like myself, hard put to at times for a little money; but I am sure, the little he can squeeze from the editors of the newspapers ought not to make it worth his while to take the bread out of my mouth. However, I often revenge myself on him, by passing off several of his best things under my name. He writes long letters for the *Morning Chronicle*, alias *the Whig Paper;* by the bye, the editor of that paper has lately used me very ill; but, indeed, Sir, I fear it is more owing to you than any body else. Will you, therefore, be as generous as you have been just, and suffer me to drudge on with my old masters, without molestation? My very existence, Sir, depends on it, for it is the only *honest* way I have of getting a livelihood. Your answer will much oblige,

Your obedient humble servant,

P. P. P.

P. S. If you want any thing in my way, I will do it as cheap as any body. I have established an extensive connection with the porters and footmen of the nobility and gentry of this metropolis; and can furnish you

with prime secrets and anecdotes of every description, to be paid for according to their length and number.—My terms will be very reasonable.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

What you have been writing about, I know not; but my father, who has not been in a good humour this fortnight past, came home from his club on Saturday last, in the best temper imaginable: he said his whole club had been laughing very heartily at a paper called the PIC NIC, and that it was the best newspaper bonus he had received for years. Do pray continue keeping him in good humour, as he promises us to take it in for our amusement; observing at the same time, it contained nothing to offend the eye of modesty, like other prints, which was the reason he never suffered us to read them. And though I live a kind of convent life, in a narrow street in the city, I may be able, at times, to present you with an entertaining anecdote or two, in contrast to those which pass more westerly. My sister, too, who now and then steals an hour from sleep, to indulge a poetical fancy, will become a correspondent. She is a whimsical girl, and once, after posting up one

of my father's ledgers, put it into Ansteyan measure, and my father gave it the preference to the Bath Guide itself. He has regularly read it ever since to his friends at Christmas, as a bonne-bouche. Now a little encouragement from you, may perhaps make us as celebrated as any of the Anti-Matildas or Rosa-Marias of them all. Mr. Addison encouraged female correspondents, and why should not you? It may make a pretty light shot-silk kind of reading, with the more erudite essays of the literati. It is but trying, as you can divorce us at pleasure, without any canonical ceremony. For the present,

Yours,

ELIZA LUTESTRING.

COPY OF A LETTER,

From Dr. B. Franklin to Miss ———, on the Death of a favourite North American Squirrel, which he had given her.

London, Sept. 25, 1772.

DEAR FRIEND,

I lament with you most sincerely, the unfortunate end of poor Mungo. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled *far*, and seen much of the world.

As he had the honour of being, for his virtues, your favourite, he should not go, like common Skugs, without an elegy or an epitaph.—Let us give him one, in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is, perhaps the properest for grief; since, to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

Alas! poor Mungo!
Happy wert thou hadst thou known
Thine own felicity!
Remote from the fierce bald-eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst nought to fear from his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
Grimalkin never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choicest viands,
By the fair hand
Of an indulgent mistress:
But, discontented, thou would'st have more freedom.
Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it,
And wandering,
Fell by the merciless fangs
Of wanton, cruel *Ranger*.
Learn hence, ye who blindly wish more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels, or daughters,
That *apparent* restraint may be *real* protection,
Yielding peace, plenty, and security.

You see how much more decent and proper this broken style, interrupted as it were with

sighs, is for the occasion, than if one were to say, by way of epitaph,

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

And yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of so little feeling, as to think that would be a good-enough epitaph for poor Mungo.

If you wish it, I shall procure another to succeed him.

B. FRANKLIN.

END OF VOL. I.

EXTON, Printer, Great Portland-street.